Religious Department.

Rev. J. W. MALCOLM, Editor.

GOD'S TIME.

Grand is the leisure of the earth;
She gives her happy myriads birth,
And after harvest fears not dearth.
But goes to sleep in snow-wreaths dim.
Dread is the leisure up above,
The while He sits whose name is Love,
And waits, as Noah did the dove,
To see if she would fly to him.

He waits for us while, houseless things,
We beat about with bruised wings
On the dark floods and water-springs—
The ruined world, the desolate sea.
With open windows from the prime,
All night, all day, He waits sublime,
Until the fulness of the time
Decreed from His eternity.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

A BEAUTIFUL CHARITY.

The story is briefly this: About a dozen years ago, a woman going through the vile purlieus of a neighboring city, was especially hurt and touched by the sight of some little folks who were sick in a cellar full of heat and stench, where a whole family lived, and fought, and ate—when they had anything to eat. She had, perhaps, not enough pity for the grown people; they could turn their strong wits, and big bones, and big voices, to some better use than drunkenness, or any other sort of beastliness; but the children looked out of the dirt and disease at her with innocent faces; they were sick unto death, and they had seen so little of life! Nothing but its foulness, and want, and vice. Of the sunshine, and greenness, and beauty which God had sent, of good men or gentle women, they knew nothing. We do not know who this woman was, except that she had little means of her own; we fancy, though, that either she had lost a child, or that he had grown into a man and gone from her never to come again, and that it was for the sake of her own baby, that never should lie upon her breast again, that her heart was tender toward these children. The result of her tenderness we do know. In a year or two, a small farm house was bought, and furnished as a hospital for children. Other good women came to help in the work. In place of the farm house, a large plain building, in the midst of a grassy playground, is now used for these little folks. They are brought only from such homes as refuse them any chance of cure and comfort; washed, clothed, and tenderly nursed until their recovery is sure and complete. Nobody can walk through the quiet wards, with their rows of cribs, out of each of which a little face turns, often a baby's face, sure that they will never miss the motherly touch or word, without feeling that this is the most beautiful of all charities.

We give so much space to it in the hope that it may be imitated in other cities. When the children are able to leave their beds, they are neatly clothed and turned loose among the grass and trees. They have a gymnasium, swings, every sort of childish fun and frolic—in short, mind as well as body has the most wholesome of nourishment given to it. When the hot days of this June came, however, and everybody turns their faces toward the country, the managers resolved that the little patients in the wards should also have their share of sunshine and summer. Some of them would never leave the cribs but for the coffin; they should, at least, have one glimpse of God's good world here before He took them home. So carpenters, masons, and painters went to work, and never did carpenters, masons, or painters work with such hearty good will. They put up long, well shaded porches, running along the sunny side of the building. And last week, one day when the air was balmiest, the little cribs were gently carried out and placed in rows where the wistful baby faces could look down at the grass, and the sun shining, and the trees rustling over their companions at play, and the roses and honeysuckles climbing over the fences of the neighbors' gardens. It was a quiet, pleasant evening. The scent of the flowers filled the air; a little beyond the river flowed, and the masts of the ships at anchor struck fine, dark lines against the sunset sky. Presently the matron brought out nets and hung them over each crib, as the child within it fell asleep.

It was a simple, trivial matter, after all. Only a quiet June day, grass growing, and a few flowers, a kind faced woman, and some little cribs brought into the sunshine, where lay a few children that the world had used hardly. But it seemed to us that the Master was not far away, and that it was he who took them in his arms and blessed them, as in the old time.—*New York Tribune.*

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

EPISCOPAL.

The Archdeacon of the Isle of Man recently inducted the Rev. Francis Pierpoint Burton Norman into the perpetual curacy of St. Thomas' church, Douglas. The Isle of Man Times says: "After reading several of the collects and reciting the Lord's Prayer, the Archdeacon read the official documents, and then every one had to go outside the west door of the church. That door being locked, the Archdeacon said: 'It is my duty, in virtue to my office, to induct Mr. Norman, and to put him in possession of this church.' He then handed the key to that gentleman, and told him to unlock the door, go inside, lock everybody out, and then to ring the bell as a challenge to all comers to dispute his right. These orders were obeyed, and after the bell had been rung the Archdeacon said that, according to tradition, however many times the new incumbent rang the bell, so many years would he keep the church. If this is true, the congregation of St. Thomas may feel sure of their new pastor for eight years. The necessary document having been signed and witnessed, the Archdeacon announced the ceremonies were finished, and the large number of persons who had been attracted by the outside proceedings dispersed."

The Archbishop of Canterbury has made a sensation. In an address which he delivered recently before the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, he spoke of the great number of heathen Asiatics now sojourning in London, referring particularly to the Burmese ambassadors, to the Hindoo students, in the temple and the traders, to the Chinese and Japanese, and expressed the apprehension that, in the English metropolis itself, "we are brought so near heathenism of the worst class, that unless we take some steps, instead of converting the heathen, the heathen will be converting us." Two of the Hindoo students have replied to the Archbishop, expressing offence at the manner in which he has spoken of them, and inviting a comparison of the civilizations of the two peoples. The Bishop of Carlisle, who was chairman of the meeting in question, has come out with an explanation of the Archbishop's address. He says that the term "heathen" in the speech was not used in a manner to cause pain or offence to any of the Eastern visitors, and that he thought Dr. Tait "paid a great compliment to Hindoo philosophy when he expressed his fear lest we should be converted from our faith by those whom we are anxious to convert."

PRESBYTERIAN.

The London Times recently asserted that a latitudinarian party had long existed in the Free Church of Scotland, which aimed at widening its doctrinal basis, and rebelled against the obligation to interpret Holy Scripture in conformity with the most rigid tenets of Presbyterian Calvinism. Dr. Charles Brown, Moderator of the General Assembly, replies with a flat denial, saying that such a party has no existence, and never had, in that Church.

REMOVING STUMBLING BLOCKS.—"I stepped on the stick as I went out of the gate, and as it rolled under my foot I thought how easily a person might fall by stepping on it carelessly; but I forgot all about it in a moment, and then fell myself when I came back."

"Yes, Miss Agnes, it's often the case that we fall over the very stumbling block that we are too careless or indolent to remove from a brother's path," replied the doctor, laying strip after strip of some kind of plaster on the wounded ankle, with much greater tenderness than would be supposed from his expressive words.

The flush which pain had called to Miss Agnes' face could not be much deeper, but there were tears behind her answer.

"I really did not think any one would fall, doctor. I only had a passing impression some one might fall by stepping on it carelessly. I had on my best gloves and gaiters, or I believe I should have moved the muddy thing any way."

"And you spoiled your gloves and gaiters, and got this ugly cut and bruise, because you did not let that 'passing impression' settle into a good deed. It is well it is only this hurt, which will be well in a fortnight, instead of a sprain, or broken bone, that might trouble you for a lifetime."

"There will be a scar, doctor, and that shall always remind me of the lesson you have taught me," said Miss Agnes, softly.

"Now, Miss Agnes," said the doctor, as he wound the last piece of cloth around the wounded limb, "you are not one of the kind who either leave or place many stumbling blocks in any one's way, but I have a habit of speaking my thoughts pretty freely, and sometimes my words hurt worse than my fingers; but it does often happen that the impediment we leave thoughtlessly is the very one over which our own feet stumble in the straight and narrow path."

Suppose we saw an army sitting down before a granite fort, and they told us that they intended to batter it down, we might ask them "How?" They point to a cannon ball. Well, but there is no power in that; it is heavy, but not more than half a hundred, or, perhaps a hundred-weight; if all the men in the army hurled it against the fort, they would make no impression. They say, "No, but look at the cannon." "Well, but there is no power in that; a child may ride upon it, a bird may perch in its mouth. It is a machine, and nothing more." "But look at the powder."—Well, there is no power in that; a child may spill it, a sparrow may pick it." Yet this powerless powder and powerless ball are put in the powerless cannon; one spark of fire enters it, and then, in the twinkling of an eye, that powder is a flash of lightning, and that cannon-ball is a thunderbolt, which smites as if it had been sent from heaven. So it is with our Christian machinery of this day; we have all the instruments necessary for pulling down strongholds, and oh! for the baptism of fire!—*Arthur.*

There never was a stable liberty born into this world until after Christ had shown the way. For liberty must be based upon that benevolence which shall expunge selfishness from supreme control. You never will have ripe justice until you have that which springs out of filial love to God and man.

Always tell the truth.

Agricultural Department

I. D. R. COLLINS, Editor.

FEED FOR HORSES.

The horse has the best or most understanding or judgment of any animal in this world; and hence the importance of feeding regularly, properly and sufficiently, and of treating him kindly. He knows when it is morning, noon and night; he forgets literally nothing.—There is a great deal of nonsense about the best feed for a horse. Just turn him into a pasture where are all sorts of grasses, and see what he eats, loves, and grows fat upon. If he goes down into the fresh meadow and eats what has no juice, no sweet in it, then give him fresh meadow hay to eat. But, if he will eat good grass, roots and all an inch below the surface, and then eat all the thistles and briers, small bushes and the bark off from the trees before he will eat flag pollypod, then you had better not compel him to eat these in winter. Give a young horse as little grain as will keep him in flesh, after eating fifteen pounds of good hay per day. Give a young horse oats if you can afford it. When he grows poor upon oats, then give him meal. Give old horses meal instead of oats, if they work, because they need flesh, and oats do not make enough; if your horse is fifty, give him less meal and more hay, and let him grow poor. If you want to keep your horse as cheap as you can, give him twelve pounds of hay or straw per day in three feeds, and add the same weight of fine meal, unless less meal will keep him in condition.—The horse's stomach must be distended to keep him in health, and it is not wise to give him less than about twelve pounds of hay per day.

Good straw is just as good as hay, provided meal enough is given to keep the horse in flesh. There is but little difference between early cut, well-cured straw, and English hay that has ripened its seed; but there is a most decided difference between both of these and wild meadow hay. Ask a man of the state of his bowels, and you ask him of his general health. The same is true of horses. Thousands of bushels of grain are buried up inside of horses yearly without doing the horses the least good, or very little good. The horse's blood is very hot, and when the food does not pass on as it should, it is burned, and the goodness destroyed. The most ignorant man may be taught in five minutes how to know when a horse's bowels are all right, and when he needs roots or shorts. Care in this respect will save hundreds of dollars yearly in every large town in the country. It is said by the most experienced men that horses never die from eating colt's tail or horse's tail, except in very dry seasons or from hay which grew during a drouth. Pollypod is thought to be very injurious to greedy horses; no others will eat it. Thistles, and all sweet or bitter-sweet herbs, leaves and weeds, are good for horses and sheep. Wheat is excellent, and barley bad for horses.

EXERCISE FOR POULTRY.—Walking and scratching are the principal forms of exercise for domestic fowls: Flying is not popular in view of the owners of the birds, or the birds themselves. The wild species do not take wing unless in an emergency, and their domesticated representatives have powers of flight still further lessened through disuse of the wing muscles, and increase of size and weight of their bodies. But their legs are kept in almost constant motion through the day, when they are allowed the bent of their inclinations. Nature has designed that they should scratch for a living. Then "let 'em scratch." We all agree that physical exercise is indispensable for men, horses, dogs and other animals. But birds are by nature more active in habit than even horses and dogs. It will not do to thwart them. The exertion of scratching soil, straw, leaves, or rubbish, must be pretty severe work, and capable of calling into action most of the larger muscles. Then, of course, artificial deprivation of such efficient exercise must tell upon the health and thrift. Who has seen a dozen hens at large in gardening-time, with freshly raked flower-beds near by, and not learned what the predominating instinct of the animal is? Philosophers have tried to define man as a cooking animal, a tool-making, or a laughing animal,—there need be no doubt whatever that a hen is a scratching animal.

We believe a scratching place should be provided, winter and summer, for fowls. It not only keeps them in good condition, but the fun of seeing them work at it is worth more than it costs. Fresh earth is, of course, the cheapest in summer, and if not abounding in choice morsels, bury some in it artificially. In winter give a pile of leaves, swamp-hay, or straw. The keeper who does not give his fowls a chance to scratch ought not to have any fowls.

GRAPE GROWER'S MAXIMS.

1. Prepare the ground in fall, plant in the spring.
2. Give the vine plenty of manure, old and well decomposed; for fresh manure excites growth, but it does not mature it.
3. Luxuriant growth does not always ensure fruit.
4. Dig deep, but plant shallow.
5. Young vines produce beautiful fruit, but old vines produce the richest.
6. Prune in autumn to insure growth, but in the spring to promote fruitfulness.
7. Plant your vines before you put up trellises.
8. Vines, like soldiers, should have good arms.
9. Prune spurs to one well developed bud, for the nearer the old wood, the higher flavored the fruit.
10. Those who prune long must soon climb.
11. Vine leaves love the sun, the fruit the shade.
12. Every leaf has a bud at its base, and either a bunch of fruit or a tendril opposite to it.
14. A tendril is an abortive fruit bunch—a bunch of fruit a productive tendril.
14. A bunch of grapes without a healthy leaf opposite, is like a ship at sea without a rudder—it can't come to port.
15. Laterals are like politicians; if not checked they are the worst of thieves.
16. Good grapes are like gold,—no one has enough.
17. The earliest grape will keep the longest, for that which is fully matured is easily preserved.
18. Grape eaters are long livers.
19. Hybrids are not always high bred.
20. He who buys the new and untried varieties should remember that the seller's maxim is,—Let the buyer look out for himself.—*Rural American.*

THE CHEESE MARKET.—Never has there been such activity in the cheese markets of the United States and England at such generally satisfactory and remunerative prices as for this season. Never was the make or export ever so large, or the prices and consumption as good—that of England has been enormous, and the course of the market has disappointed the hopes of the most sanguine, both dealers and shippers ruling 2 to 3 cents per lb. above the prices of the same time last year, instead of going lower, as many predicted early in the season. And now we have a market excited under an advance of one cent in a single day, which is pretty certain to be fully maintained this week at least, and far less strange than the past course of this year's market will be, should this advance be maintained throughout the season. Still this is not expected, from the fact that the course of past years will not warrant it. Neither did it warrant an advance in July and August, but we have had it nevertheless—a thing before unknown. We are equally liable to be disappointed on the remainder of the season. In fact, the general situation of this and the English market may warrant such a supposition. The new elements which have caused an enormous increase of consumption in England still exist, and are by no means temporary.

STEAMED POTATOES.—Potatoes are more nutritious and palatable if they are properly steamed than they are boiled. Wash them clean and place them in a steamer over boiling water. If the potatoes are of good quality, the secret of having them mealy and palatable is in steaming them very rapidly, as without a rapid condensation of steam and detention of steam in the steamer by a close lid, the potatoes will be hard and appear not done however long they have been cooking. They should steam until the skin cracks, and a fork will easily penetrate the center. If not to be brought to the table soon, they should continue to steam until wanted, as steamed potatoes become solid much sooner than boiled ones do.

TO PICKLE RED CABBAGE.—Select the purple red cabbage, take off the outside leaves, quarter and take out the stalk, then shred the cabbage into a colander or small basket, and sprinkle with common salt. Let it remain a day or two, then drain and put into jars; fill up with boiling vinegar, spiced with ginger and black pepper, and add a few slices of red beet-root—some add a few grains of powdered cochineal. If the vinegar is boiled, and then allowed to stand till cold before pouring over the cabbage, it will better insure its crispness, but will not keep so well as if put on boiling hot.

THE SUBSOIL PLOW.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette writes: It should be used in the spring, following in the furrow of the breaking plow, and loosening the soil six or eight inches deeper. The breaking plow should turn the soil up six inches deep, making the entire loose ground twelve or fourteen inches deep. A crop of corn is best to grow on the sod; and the effect of subsoiling will be seen in the crop by the time it is two feet high. The heat of the sun and the exposure of the soil to the air, together with the presence of the corn roots, prepare the subsoil for turning up to the surface. The following spring, the field should be plowed so as to place one half of the subsoil on the earth's surface. At the next plowing all this loosened subsoil can be turned to the surface. By this process the soil and subsoil are mixed, and the latter becomes naturalized to the raising of grains. In breaking up the last two times, care should be taken, of course, not to plow when the soil is too wet.

THE HOP CROP.—The total yield of the new hop crop in the United States is now estimated at 14,000,000 pounds, or about 70,000 bales. The yield in Wisconsin is twice what it was last season. The total supply in this country is less than it was last year, and as the demand from manufacturers will be greater than ever before, the brewing business constantly increasing, foreign hops will be needed, but at what price remains to be determined.

W. M. Place fed eighteen hens with sour milk mixed with meal (in winter scalded.) They produced, in the year, a profit of $50, besides eggs and chickens used in the family.

A meadow irrigated by running water is said to be double the value of one irrigated by flooding, a flooded one double the value of a rich loam not irrigated.

Osier-raising and basket-making is now becoming a favorite specialty with some farmers.